52,
Tavistock Square,
w.c.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Wednesday

Lord! Was there Ever a woman I knew called Viva?
And was she Ever found by a woman called —
Well my life's a running sore, & I want only to
Know are you dining with me on Monday? If not,
When am I seeing you? And will you tell me, so
That I may get me ratsbane to Woburn. What my life's
Via pestulence & pestilence — I can't tell you —
Only, are you dining with me on Monday? & what? And
are you fond of me, & what? D'you know what?
Bonjour. today & what it holds? — & what a change &
unpending? No. 'Cos you don't care,
heartless daughter & the statesman
station master

at Barclays.

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Wednesday

Lord! Was there Ever a woman I knew called Vera?
And was she Ever fond of a woman Called —
Well my life's a running sore, & I want only to
Know are you dining with me on Monday? If not,
When am I seeing you? And will you tell me, so
That I may get be ratified to Nothing. And my life's
via pestulence & pestilence — I can't tell you —
Only, are you dining with me on Monday? or what? And
are you fond you, or what? D'you know what?
Bonfire to day & what it bodes? — & what a change in
impending? No: 'Cos you don't Care,
heartless Daughter & the Statesmanlike Station master

at Bank Loan.

I forgot: here's a little table joke to add to your collection: dessert: he's an old bankrupt & implored me to say a word about him: but words, words, words - what are words!

(Tuesday —)

Yes, I'll lunch with you on Thursday 8th at Café Royal with pleasure. What time? Where meet? How bic - what fun: - then where to?

As to "forgotten" - Lorlorodak - the rat said, when I showed him Potto's mangy tail "Has this animal suffered in his affections, ma'am?" whereupon such a wail went up - I thought name Nick, Mrs. Nick responded: & all the dog barked & cat wailed. Forgotten, indeed!

I rather hope to come to your lectures this Thursday: but shall in all likelihood be prevented - such a hellish Whelm. London. Hate of you re a mangy woman, a tailless, in a Corner, as you declaim to the shade of Lord Northcliffe on the Love of Elizabethan — more Keir.

V.

The hen seems quite: & yeats #4 Mrs Woolf, She been writing

I forgot: here's a little bobbin joke to add to your collection: Dickens: he's an old bankrupt & implored me to say a word about him: last words, words, words - what are words?

Tuesday.

Yes. I'll lunch with you on Thursday 8th at Café Royal with pleasure. What time? Where meet? How nice: what fun: Then where so?

As for "forgotten" — Lorlorradak — the cat said, when I showed him Potto's mangy tail "Has this animal suffered in his affections, ma'am?" Whereupon such a wail went up: & the name Nick, Mrs. Nick responded: & all the dog barked & cat mewed. Forgotten, indeed!

I rather hope to come to your lecture this Thursday: but shall in all likelihood be prevented — such a hellish Thellis. London. Hell of fun to see a mangy woman, a tailless, in a corner, as you declaim to the shade of Lord Northcliffe or the Lord of the Elizabethans — more a

Keir,

V.

The hens keep yeaking: & yeak back! Mrs Woolf, the hen is writing about you.

Got lunch, one, on Monday.
We have passed the 20,000 -
I mean The Edwardian.

Just off to Rodmell after a
Champagne supper tonight at
Woolfs.

Friday

Yes certainly Monday.
But what time?
Are you staying up? Shall we dine together?
Will you come to tea? I may I talk?
Send a line or ring up Monday.
Just all ~~for~~ to Prodnick — cannot wait a day.
Back Sunday night

Friday Just off for a walk on the downs
Oh how heavenly!

A brilliant idea - wot ye - Dotty come over
tomorrow? (I think L- has written this)
We go back on Wednesday, but shall be so
cumbered with things that L- says we must go
home straight. I seem stuck at 99. which is
nothing. so am taking up the burden of life -
chiefly Ethel. An idol is not necessarily
what one wishes in the home. How ye
finished correcting Lusmoshunt Thursday?

V W.